

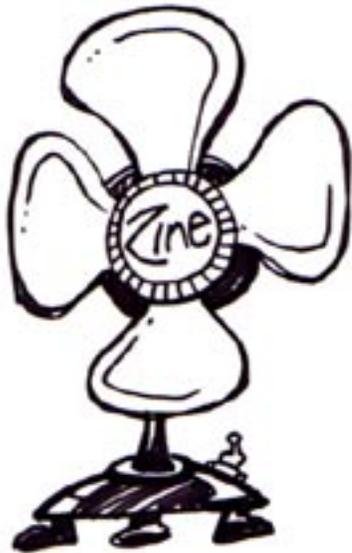


# The Drink Tank

## Issue 134

This is the issue of The Drink Tank that covers my thoughts about Westercon 60. In a nutshell “Oh My Ghod!” but more specific notions will follow. I’m exhausted beyond all rational thought and I’m hoping that I can make it through the next few days without having to sleep 20 hours a day. I STILL wouldn’t be caught up with sleep, but it would be nice.

So, what’s here? A view of what it takes to turn a Fanzine Lounge in one of the most happening spots at the con, for one thing. There’s a look at the Half-Time SF Says You game show that was one of the best pieces of work I’ve ever done. There’s art from Espana, Jason Schachat (aka Kerfuffle), Frank Wu and Jane Mailander. In addition, there’s reportage of JayCon, the Annual Jay Lake 37<sup>th</sup> Birthday Party, included. It’ll be good stuff.



## How to Make a Nexus

I didn’t have my rock. Barbara Johnson-Haddad was the Rock that the BayCon Fanzine Lounge was built on. I was terrified that I wouldn’t be able to pull off a Fanzine Lounge without Barbara. Terror unreasonable! I had no real staff and I knew that I’d be pulled away a lot for stuff.

Luckily, I’ve got friends.

And even more luckily, they’ve got booze.

I got into the hotel after picking up party supplies and the like from Lisa Harrigan and dropping off Evelyn with her Mom. I was in the hotel almost exactly at Noon. They had my room ready and it just so happened that after I checked out, it was going to become the Fanzine Lounge. I moved my stuff in, set up the Computer and opened the door. The Fanzine Lounge was open for business!!! The Programme Book said that we would be opening around 12 on Saturday, so we were open a full 24 hours early! When’s the last time you heard something like that?

I had to keep opening and closing the Lounge because I was the only one there and I didn’t want any of the stuff wandering off. Michael Siladi, Chairgnome for Gnomeward Bound: Westercon 60, kept coming by when I was closed. I went to the Vintacon party for while, so the Lounge wasn’t

open much in the evening. Jason Schachat arrived late Friday night, so I went and picked him up and drove him to the con. I spent much of the time between reading the Chris Benoit story in the Wrestling Observer Newsletter. We got back and things were in full bloom. We opened the Lounge and people started drifting by. There were good people all along, too.

Saturday morning came and Jason and I were up by ten. That was the regular opening time, though we were often down getting breakfast and then opening up. We started reading zines and Jason was forced to do art. He had no choice. If he did not, he’d have been destroyed. I had a few panels (one on How to Comment on Blogs and such and the Liar’s Panel which was Jay Lake, James Stanley Daugherty, Mark Ferrari and I lying about stuff) and Jason was kind enough to keep the Lounge running. Saturday also saw Espana arrive and help out. She was also forced to do art for me. That was the joy of it. Since I was running a party on Saturday night, I had to close the Lounge while I had Jason helping out. Espana took over and kept it open a bit, but mostly Saturday night, it was closed. A shame because there were folks who showed up for Friday, Saturday and Sunday and not the rest of the con. I’m sorry. I also had to do a skit with Kevin Standlee which I’ll talk about in SF/

SF. David Mangcha Moyce was at the con on Saturday night and that was great. Sadly, I didn't see him much the rest of the con. Dave would have loved Sunday night in the Lounge.

We woke up on Sunday with no hang-over since neither of us had drank too much. We mostly chatted with Espana, Ace & Laser and various others. We opened the Lounge and since I had one panel and one performance to get ready for, so I was sorta distracted. Milt Stevens stopped by, as did John Hertz a few times. Leigh Ann Hildebrand, that Queen of Snark. She claims that my injured foot was caused by a tragic snarking accident. I've much too much experience to have such an injury happen to me due to snarking. Mike Heath, my good buddy from Baycons passed, was also there, which is always nice. We had visits from all sorts of folks throughout Sunday, including Randy Smith, Lucy Hunzinger and Tom Whitmore. Good guys both, and great potential TAFF candidates. I had to go and do the half-time show at the Masq. We did the set-up and Jason and folks came to watch, so we closed up shop for a couple of hours there too. I'll talk most about that later, but it was a great time. We all came back to the Lounge after that.

There were no shortages of parties, but they were all missing something on Sunday night. The



Companion House was swinging, but it had a feeling of being for local con-runners more than anything else, so a lot of people seem to have skipped it. The Further Confusion Party closed around 11 or so and there were bid parties further down the floor. That left a few places in-between to pick up the party slack. The filking area was jumping I was told. I'm not surprised, they always have a good time out there and I kinda wish I could have spent a little time there. Our neighbors, the Gaming Room, was jumpin' all night, including Nolly wearing her shirt that required her to lie on the floor while others played the game on her shirt! They were easily the busiest party from 10 to midnight or so.

Then the Fanzine Lounge took over.

You see, Leigh Ann had a bottle

of Vanilla Stoli burning a hole in her room and Espana, a lovely drinker, told her to go and get it. I was told to get ice. I did my part and they did theirs! A clog formed in the hall of people who were looking to party, had flasks, and wanted some more! We passed around flasks (including Lunatic with his flask of Absinth cocktail goodness and Tadao with his flash of something good) and I said 'Why don't we go into the Lounge?'

And they did.

For the next two hours, the place was jumpin'! We drank, talked, enjoyed some good old fashioned fun, and just let it all hang out! There was even some mid-level flirting! Diana stretched out on the couch and used Jay Lake like a pillow. Frank Wu sat and drew. I flitted and floated from conversation to conversation. My man Seth Breidbart,

one of the great fannish hoaxers, came by as did Sharon Sbarsky, registration guru. We chatted and John Hertz floated in too. There was some low level SMOFing going on, some high level conversation and a lot of just plain fun. I was so happy. This was what a Fanzine Lounge should do. It should bring everyone together. There were even a few folks reading fanzines! Go figure.

We moved the party down the Hall, closing around 2 AM to go and drink in Kevin Roche and Andy Trembley's Loft Suite for a couple of more hours. I got wrecked. I mean absolutely drunk off my ass. I was slurring slightly and swerving a little, but I made it to my room OK and under my own power and avoided a replay of dinner. That was a big positive. We partied and eventually folks started to leave, and they decided to folks things up around 4:30 am. Jason and I picked a few things up and I actually turned out the lights on the last party on Sunday night. What was the weakest night of parties I've ever been to at a major con before midnight turned into the greatest night of partying I've ever personally experienced after midnight. What a swing!

Now, I admit that I was a little conflicted about this all. Maybe the Fanzine Lounge isn't supposed to be a party and a half. Maybe it's supposed



to be the quiet space which is often half-empty so folks can come and sit quietly, maybe chat a little. Should a Fanzine Lounge be only for Fanzine Fans? Well, maybe. That's one of the reasons I did the Fanzine In An Hour at BayCon, because it brought out the regular fanzine fans and those who aren't regularly into zines. There were also a lot of semi-fanzine fans in the Lounge too. Jason, Espana, Leigh Ann and so on all write for various zines. I also got a few new folks interested. There was Zine Talk going on too all

long. In the end, a good time trumps all, I think.

Let me say that waking up after such a success is never easy. About five minutes after waking up from the first set of dozings, I realized that I was about to enter the Room is Spinning portion of the evening. I had breakfast (pigs in a blanket buffet. OK, they were separate Pancakes and Sausages, but when life gives you pancakes and sausage, make Pigs in a Blanket) and returned to the room to relax since I had nothing on the docket for Monday. I rested and hung around the Lounge. My foot had started to hurt so I was wrapping it and hanging around resting. Folks started coming by a little earlier than I expected. Folks were waking up and coming over and hanging out. That's one way I knew we had done good. If they come back, even if they're hung-over or sleep-deprived, you did a good Lounge. Monday was quieter all around, but Jay Lake, Daniel and Kelley stopped by a lot and that night we did a Fanzine Lounge Fanzine called Monday. I'm pleased to say that it was the Fanzine Debut of Diana Sherman, a writer I've been trying to get into the Drink Tank for a while now. There was also a portion written by Jay Lake that was solid. We tagged in and out of the computer with Jason Schachat, Frank Wu, Dave Clark and Mike LastNameIDon'tRemember all providing art. It's a cute little

zine. Monday also featured The League of Evil Geniuses party, but I only attended for a while. Too much partying put me down a touch, but Kevin Roche had bought a blowdart gun as a present for me and he borrowed it as an add-on to his Urban Jungle Boy outfit. It was good stuff.

Tuesday was more relaxed but people were still coming in and out. Wendy Newton rolled up in a wheelchair around mid-afternoon and I had no idea what had happened. It turned out that she had broken her foot. I was spending the day with my foot elevated on a pillow and she came and we became the Gimp Lounge. Such is our way. Leigh Ann hung out, and Espana needed a room so I let her have the pull-out couch. That was the night we partied again. There were some booze, but not as much as Sunday (or Monday when the bottle of Rum showed up from our buddy and Alcatraz Ranger George), but there was a lot of chatting. We were open while the Dead Gnome party was going on and we gathered more and more people as the evening went on. Once again, it was us and gaming. There was a Mah-Jong game going on in the Gaming Room, and there was the Fanzine Lounge and Anime running. We had 25 or so people in the Lounge that night, so we moved a fair bit of the party into the back bedroom which worked great because Wendy and I could put our

feet up. It was a nice touch. We hung out until about 3:30 or so and then called it a night.

And then Wednesday came and we were around for a while, but mostly we were packing up. We ended up closing around 5 and heading home. Wendy, Espana, Me and Tadao were the last folks in the Lounge, but it was a good time still chatting, maxin' and relaxin'!

It's hard to think of who to thank



for making it all work. Espana and Jason, the two folks who held the keys along with me certainly deserve a great deal of thanks. They sat in that place a lot longer than they needed to and were a big part of what made the place work. Of course, I gotta say thanks to Leigh Ann. She put the Lounge back in Fanzine Lounge. Derek McCaw spent a lot of time in the Lounge and did some great art. Art was a theme as Jane Mailander, Aaron, Jason, Espana and Frank all did the great stuff that's in this issue. Tadao is worthy of thanks because I owe him...A LOT! Mustn't forget Daniel and Kelley for the zine, George for the booze, Lunatic for the Booze, Nolly for hangin' around and chattin' folks up, Wendy for making it so that I wasn't the only gimp in the Lounge, Leo for foot rubs, Joe for bein' Joe, Jay for bein' the best damn Toastmaster ever, and to Michael Siladi for lettin' me do the Lounge for both BayCon and Westercon. I can't say thank you enough, I guess. I know there are dozens and dozens more to say thanks to (Kevin Roche! Andy Trembley! Lisa! Tall Kevin! Other Lisa! Frank Wu! DianaAndSim! David! Jean! Dave Gallaher! Dave Clark! More and more...) but I'll get to them later!

SHUT THE FUCK UP,  
ASSHOLE MOTHER FUCKERS!



Jim  
3/2/04

ESPAÑA AT REST

## If You're Gonna Steal, Make it Count: SF Says You!

I love NPR. I listen as I drive when there's no good CD for me to listen to. My favourite thing in the world is Wait, Wait, Don't Tell Me. That's the NPR news quiz which awards winning listeners with Carl Kasell's voice on their home answering machine. I would love nothing more than to take over from Peter Sagal and run that show. I've got the look for radio!

Now, I've often thought of doing Wait, Wait in a fannish version, but it's hard to keep up with fannish news, so it wouldn't work that well. While I was talking with Andy Trembley one day at a Westercon or BayCon meeting, I brought up the idea of doing Wait, Wait and Andy pointed out the issue with that. I then said that Says You might work better and Andy totally agreed. The seed was planted.

Says You comes out of Boston's WGBH and is a word quiz. Typically they'll give you a series of words to define (mostly words that aren't used any more) and then there's a bluffing round and a lot of fun questions like What's the Connection and Odd Man Out. It's actually perfect for a Fannish Version.

And that's what I did.

Since Kevin and Andy were running the Masq, I agreed to put



together the Half Time. I was told that it was actually happening about two weeks before, but I'd already written the questions. I spent a lot of time using the SF Book of Lists, Fancyclopedia I and II, Wikipedia, the International Science Fiction Yearbook and the World Almanac. I found a lot of lists of actors and the Internet Movie Database is the quizmaster's best friend. I had about 40 questions and no idea how long a show it would turn out to be.

I put out the call for panelists. I thought that Jay Lake would be a great choice, especially since he was Toastmastering the Masquerade. He'd be available. I asked Mike Swanwick, writer extraordinaire, but he had never heard the show so he didn't think he'd be a good fit. Kage Baker agreed in principal, but she was leaving too early

to make it happen. I then realized that I had the perfect person to ask: Fan Guest of Honor Christian McGuire. He'd be perfect and I can't believe I didn't think of him earlier. I filled out Jay's team with Derek McCaw, the editor of FanboyPlanet.com and an Improv expert and a damn funny guy, and the lovely and talented Miss Diana Sherman. Christian got John Hertz, a genius, and Jane Mailander, a hilarious writerly-type who I think is one of the funniest people in fandom. It was a good panel and without them, the thing would have failed.

I'm lucky; I don't get much in the way of Stage Fright. I know people who lock up and can't even speak. There are the minority of folks who even puke at the thought of being on stage. Me? I'm free and clear of the problem. I mostly get nervous when I have to do something that's not a performance. I always get nervous if I'm announcing something because a mistake can be serious. I made a bad mistake when I was announcing BayCon's Masq, but I recovered. I had a bit of concern that I wouldn't be able to pull off Says You. Some in the audience would surely know the show (even if most of the panel did not) and I'd be held to that standard. Not easy.

I got everyone together and explained the game a little. I say a little because I didn't go into details and basically said that I'd explain a bit as

we go along. That made sense...to me anyhow. I went in and watched the Masq and it went really fast. I headed up and took the mic from Jay Lake and the game begun.

The Tech crew set up as I did introductions. I always announce the same: give the name, make a funny statement about them and let things go. We got a good reaction, I think largely because we've got such a great panel. We got settled in and we went into the definitions round.

I went through the Fancyclopedia and pulled out some fun definitions. I asked Team One the first one (I can't remember what the word was) and they missed it. John Hertz then came up and got the question right. I think Jay Lake gave a very funny answer that was wrong. The next question was for John Hertz and he went much more in depth than any other human in history could probably go. The next one was for Diana, and she didn't know, but she gave it a good try.

John Hertz answered it right. Very much right. I mean way too right. He is way too smart.

The next question was for Jane and the question was what is a Virgule. She stopped and then went right into it! A Virgule is the slant or slash on a keyboard. She then looked at me and said 'You asked that question of a slash writer!' I had no idea that she did so and I gave her full points.

The next words was Doodles for Derek. Derek gave a positively John Hertzian answer. I was impressed. I thought he might have an answer, but I didn't think he'd have that much of an answer. It's always go to see a guy get a good answer.

The last question was answered perfectly by Team B too. They were up 70 something to ten. I didn't think it would be as lopsided as it was, but I was wrong. One thing I had noticed is that comedy exists in the strangest places. It especially lives in the pause. I would pause after a suggestive answer, usually from Jay, and then make my statement. The pause made the laugh bigger. I was shocked. I also knew that there were funny lines, but largely I was relying on the talents of the panelists and they got it big time.

We did a section of Odd Man Out. One was the Odd Man Out- The Cover for News of the World by Queen, the Poster for Forbidden Planet, Mad Magazine covers in the 1960s, or the book cover for I, Libertine. The B Team got the reason right (all were done by Kelly Freas) but they chose the wrong one (they said I, Libertine and the answer was Forbidden Planet). Team 1 Got all of theirs right and I think they even stole one.

By this point, I knew we'd be OK. No matter what we were going to have a good time. We went through the round and Christian McGuire's phone

went off and it was his Mom. I gave him leave and asked a long question of the other team. When it was time to go to the other team, I knew that Howard Hendrix was in the front-ish row. I announced that pitch-hitting for Christian was Howard Hendrix! He was a great sport and came out as I asked the question that I thought would do OK. What's the thread between Make Room! Make Room!, Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep? and Flowers for Algernon. No sooner had I stopped then Howard had answered that they were all made into movies with different names. That guy's just too damn smart!

The questions went on and it was a good time. Right after I said "And the winner is..." and paused, Brad



Templeton yelled from the audience “Wait, wait, don’t tell me!” and the crowd went nuts. I went nuts. It was so very fun. I announced everyone off the stage and they did the announcing of the Masq winners. It probably went a little too long, but it kept a good deal of the audience.

I wanna do it again sometime. I want to have a whole new set of players. I’d also love to do something like Wait, Wait, though the news angle is a little harder. I’m sure I could come up with something. I think it went really well, and there were folks who said that it was good stuff all throughout the weekend. I want to make it shorter. I’ve got a list of folks I wanna use, like Brad, Tom Galloway, Leigh Ann, Espana, Ben Yalow (in the John Hertz role), Kevin Roche, Andy Trembley, Mark Ferrari, and any number of other folks. I already asked about doing it again for Westercon next year, even if it’s not during the Half Time Show. The response was positive from Kathryn and James, which is always a plus. I’d love to do it and The Match Game should be there too. That’ll be a fun pairing.

So, I think I did pretty well hosting my second Con Game Show ever. I think it was a lot of fun and I’m glad everyone had a good time. I’ve started working on finding questions (and James Hay has offered some lists) and it’ll be another blast, I’m sure!



Overall, Westercon was the most fun I’ve ever had a con. WorldCon might have been an overall more transformative time, but Westercon was straight, uncut fun. Michael Siladi and his staff deserve a lot of credit. The folks at Gaming deserve a lot of credit for putting on a big good time. Filking, which I believe Heather Stern was in charge of, also deserves a lot of comment because it was also called

one of the better places for a couple of different nights. Anime was also always going which is a big deal. These aren’t the most happening places at most cons, and here they really went to town and did some good stuff.

I gotta say that Ops was big, programming came up big and Andy and Kevin did a great Masq. Albert Baker was a superstar and did some of the greatest Teching ever.

Frank Wu was a pleasant surprise, and though he was sick for some of the con, he was always fun.

Jason Schachat and I had a blast at all the parties (and parties are better when Jason, Joe, Leigh Ann, Dave, Espana, Kevin, Andy or Jay attend) and the Vintacon party was a blast. Dave and Spring are awesome and I'm going to try and make it this year.

The folks from the Companion House did great! Kimmie and folks were great and the party was a good time.

Always good to see Mike Heath and he recommended a great version of Nice, Nice by Ambrosia. It's a great listen.

Nice to meet Mike McInerney and a few others who stopped by briefly.

All in all, a great con.



### ***A Jaycon Report***

***Or***

### ***Kelly & Bob's Excellent Adventure***

***Or***

### ***There and Back Again and again and again***

***Or***

### ***Nevermore***

### ***By Bob Hole***

Note: Jaycon is the Amazing Jay Lake's annual 37th birthday bash.

This was Jaycon 7. It takes place in Portland, Oregon. He runs it in the form of an SF Convention, sort of. At least with the trappings of a con.

It wasn't all my fault. I know that much. Or at least I believe that much.

I mentioned on my blog that I needed an Adventure. I had in mind something like traveling to San Francisco and going to the Academy of Sciences. I just hadn't decided what, yet.

I got several good suggestions, but then Kelly Green said "Mexican Pyramids." What Kelly didn't know is that I'm very fond of the idea of Mexican Pyramids, and have always wanted to go see some and that my sojourns to Mexico so far have not got there. So my reply to her was "I'll be at your place about midnight tonight and we can leave in the morning."

I was joking about the midnight part, anyway.

Fortunately, sort of, cooler heads

prevailed by morning, and we decided that it was probably not the best of ideas this week. So we bantered back and forth and Kelly offered a piece of her floor for sleeping and the promise of a pyramid in Los Angeles. I took her up on the offer immediately.

After some logistical figuring I headed south and turned up on Kelly's doorstep. She allowed me in and we sat down and chatted. And chatted. Went to dinner. And chatted.

The next day we headed for Huntington Botanic Garden in Pasadena. It's a lovely place and got a docent led tour. I heartily recommend a visit to anyone interested in gardening should have a good time. I don't suggest the afternoon of an extremely hot cloudless mid-summer day, but I recommend a visit. We got tired and hot and dehydrated, but it was greatly fun. Oh! And the library/museum has a Gutenberg bible. But we never got a chance to go inside.

We hadn't eaten since breakfast and I wanted to try Pinks, so we headed over there. Pinks is a hot dog stand that is known around the world because the rich and famous regularly eat there. It really is just a hot dog stand, with the order counter facing the sidewalk. But it does have valet parking, sort-of. We took advantage of that and got in line. We had fun continuing to chat, and eventually wound our way to the order

desk and had got chili dogs. They were extremely good, and the L.A. ambiance (hot dogs at a table in a parking lot in Hollywood) was perfect.

Then we drove around for quite a long time while continuing to chat.

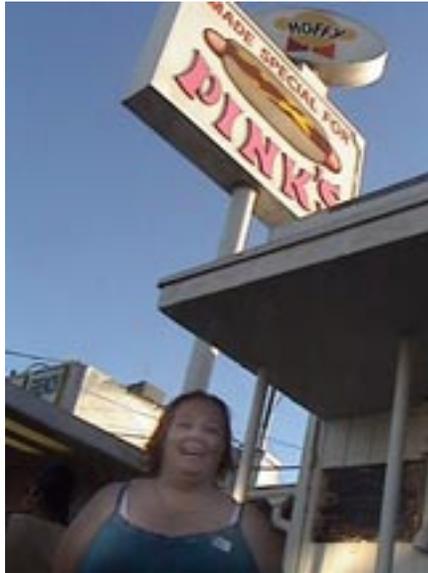
Then we got back to Kelly's and collapsed.

The next day we went over to a friend of Kelly's and waited while some Hispanic workmen installed a window (you'll find out why I note their heritage in a moment). We had figured a couple hours, but it took them about ten hours. In between saw and hammers, we chatted.

Okay, so we chatted. We chatted for seven days straight. It was the longest conversation I can ever remember having. We chatted until our voices gave out and then we turned on the radio and started singing.

Yes, I really mean it. We chatted about everything. We chatted about writing and art, geology and botany, penis size and breast size, travel and genre fiction, Harlan and Heinlein, history and the sex lives of trees. We covered it all. And we laughed. A lot.

Eventually we went out to dinner and had a hilarious waitress who had no clue about anything. She'd been on



the job about two weeks but still didn't know how to work the ice machine for serving beverages.

But she apparently knows she's a ditz and had fun along with us.

Then good as her word, Kelly directed me to CSU Long Beach where we found A Pyramid!! Specifically the sports arena building which is a big blue pyramid. So, while we didn't get to the Mexican Pyramids, we got Mexicans and a Pyramid.

So, the next day was Friday, I was scheduled to head home. Before I did we headed out to breakfast. I told Kelly I had a preposition for her. She asked which one and I said "with". Over coffee I asked her if she'd like to go to Jaycon with me. I wasn't going to go alone and I knew she very badly wanted to go.

After some initial negotiation, during which she indicated that if I was teasing her I wouldn't make it out of the restaurant alive, she cautiously agreed. I think her exact words were a shouted "f=== YES!" while bouncing up and down in the

chair but I could be underestimating the enthusiasm of her response.

I didn't notice her bolting her food in order to get on the road faster, but I wasn't paying attention. A quick stop back at her house to throw things into luggage and we were off.

We traveled very smoothly up through the Central Valley, getting past Sacramento just at dusk. We missed the bats, but the sunset was pretty. I started getting drowsy so we pulled over at Willows and spent the night. I could have let Kelly take over driving but No One drives my car but me, ever. Well, okay, until the next day, but it was a good thing. We found out later that the hotels for the next hundred miles or so were full.

The next morning we headed for Portland Proper, and drove again without incident. Just over the Oregon border, however, I got drowsy again and gave in. Kelly could take us in to Portland. Sigh. Did I say no one else drives my car? Kelly is an excellent driver. She took us directly to Flying



Pie Pizzeria and JayCon!

We arrived during the reading and enacting of Jay Lake and the Monkey King by Ken Scholes. The part we heard was hilarious. We both saw friends from around the



country, and had a really fun time. And got pizza. I had trouble with liquid, but managed the last drink of cola.

Jaycon is one of the smaller conventions I've been to, only about 75 people. The programming I got to see was very good. Like Baycon (see my report in Drink Tank 130) I chatted more than I programmed. There were lots of old friends, some new friends,

and lots of laughter all around.

The remainder of Jaycon daytime programming passed in a blur, my being in conversation the whole time. [Okay, this was the one point during the trip where I was awake and able to talk where I chatted with someone other than Kelly.]

Not too long (unfortunately, all due to a calculation error on my part) the party adjourned to Alibi, a tiki lounge.

On the way in, I provided pre-karaoke entertainment by missing the last step up into the lounge where our party was located. Yes, on the way IN. I fell flat. Injuring myself but not overly badly (scrapes and such). I thank all for their concern and the barman for the icepack.

I sat down, put my knee up, and proceeded to have a great time. Since I was driving, I of course had a pepsi and a virgin pina colada. And water.

After some people told their most embarrassing stories (not me) and lots of laughter, the karaoke started. I didn't expect this, and my voice was raw, so I firmly would not participate. Well, I sang along, okay, but I didn't get up on "stage".

There were inspired renditions of classics. I especially enjoyed "Istanbul (was Constantinople)" featuring Daniel and Jay. There were other groups in the room and we entertained them as well. The Jay and Frank show "Revenge

of the Return of the Hair Bands" was in full-force throughout the evening. It was so powerful that people from other parties had them get up to dance and fling while they were singing.

There were moments when I kinda wanted to get up and dance, but the lack of floorspace and my bag of ice prevented it. There just wasn't room for anything like that.

Sadly, all good things must come to an end, in this case Jay had to get up and move house in the morning so he had to leave his party. The party started to break up shortly after that. Kelly and I briefly considered staying to





help the house move, but we both had to get home eventually.

We drove off into the night to Salem and spent an uneventful night there, waking up to breakfast at Almost Home. This is a wonderful wonderful restaurant and if you're passing through Salem during breakfast I strongly suggest stopping. I've not eaten there for any other meal. I recommend the biscuits and gravy. Good stuff in good portions.

Then it was off in the rain over the Cascades (they looked familiar, like I'd driven through them only the day before). We stopped off in Yreka to try to find the Yreka Bakery (try to say that backwards!). But unfortunately it's closed. Sigh.

Had lunch at "Grandma's Place" restaurant, which was very good. Then back on the road.

Late Sunday we arrived at my home in the SF Bay area, which was to be a temporary base of operations.

Since I was tired of driving by then, we drove around. I showed Kelly some of the local sights, all boring, then drove over Mt. Diablo. We went up to the summit and while it was hazy, the view was still nice. Diablo isn't the biggest mountain, but it's my favorite place and the view on a clear day covers more of the surface of the earth than any view except that of Kilimanjaro. It was not a clear day.

But we had fun, then down the mountain to lunch, then a bookstore, then to the south bay for a BASFA meeting. After that, we joined Frank Wu and went off to see a couple more friends. Then made arrangements for lunch the next day on our way back to L.A.

I've always believed in the philosophy of putting things back where I found them (though my mom and roommates over the years would laugh). So I took Kelly back to L.A., again an uneventful but pleasant drive. We talked through a fairly good Chinese lunch with author Lori Ann White, and headed south.

But our throats hurt a lot from all the talking we did so we turned on the radio. And sang.

Eventually we arrived in L.A. and fell asleep. We got up very early the next morning and I took my leave and drove home.



The Art for this issue is a little confusing. You see, I don't know exactly who did some of the pieces. I know the photos came from Robert Hole, and I think a couple of them were taken by Kelly Green.

I don't know who did the cover. It might have been Jason. Or it might have been Mike whose last name I forget and who also did that Zine Fan art piece on page one. In other words, I'm not sure. I'm pretty sure that's supposed to be me on the Unicycle though.

Espana did (or is believed to have done) the pieces on pages 10, 9 and 7. Almost certainly those are Espana's.

Jason Schachat did page 3 and page 6. I know he did both of those because he did them right in front of my eyes.

Derek McCaw did the rest (the Dodo one teaming with Frank Wu. At least I think so...